



The Zombie Apocalypse



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Chapter 1 by Kitty Cat (Sa)

Prologue

The rules are simple:

Don't trust no one.

Don't help.

Don't stop.

And most importantly, stay alive.

It was only 5 AM. And we only had 3 hours to get ready to leave.

When it comes up to something like this, there is no such thing as too early, or too late. It's a life or death situation.

And being 16 doesn't help a lot. Especially when your whole family became zombies.

And everyone else?

Everyone else became cannibals.

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Chapter 2 by Kallaway Haynes



The nicest thing about the... [Login](#) or [Create new account](#) ... I don't know. But ever since the end of the world you would not believe the reception. Turning on my ipod, I packed up

all my worldly possessions. Kansas's Carry On My Wayward son was a great way to start the day. Hey, I wasn't saying it was smart. Once, I had my earplugs in and didn't hear a zombie rushing me, it was only when its teeth clamped down on my shoulder that I realized I was being attacked. But it was cool, thankfully I had taken the time to strap on my homemade protection vest and it was thick enough to stop the bite. I thanked the gods for the stash of Victoria Secret magazines I had found and stolen from my roomie, Zack a couple of weeks ago in New York. I'd broken his nose after I found him stealing coffee grounds from my backpack. I'd left him crying in his sleeping bag and took his walkie talkies, along with a flannel shirt and the magazines, which I had taped into a sort of vest under my shirt. Saved my life as it turned out. It was a trick I'd learned from my dad before he had been killed. Not by zombies, but a pack of humans. Another lesson he taught me, don't travel in packs and don't trust humans. I could understand zombies, their only objective was to find food. But humans? Humans were a whole different kind of scary. So here I was, skipping out on yet another camp before they moved on. It was safer that way. Don't trust anyone. But I'd only gotten about two miles away, climbing down the hill we had camped on when I heard sound behind me.

Chapter 3 by Zack Dillon



I froze.

"Turn around and give me the backpack, and no one gets hurt. Nice and easy."

I slowly reached my hands to my pockets and turned around to face the barrel of a snub-nosed .44 magnum. The person on the other end of it wasn't as scary. She was a short, slender girl. She had brown eyes and nice, smooth features.

"I said, GIVE ME THE BACKPACK!"

I slung the backpack off one shoulder and dropped it on the ground.

"Pick it up and give it to me."

I reached down for the backpack I dropped it firmly with two hands. I planted my foot and swung the backpack with all my might. A gun flew.

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"AAARGH!" she screamed.

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Rich

She pulled out a blade. Not very big, I'd say four, maybe five inches. She leaped but landed far enough away so that I had time to pull out mine.

She charged me. I waited until the last moment, then dodged her. It looked like a bull in a ring dodging red capes and such. I stuck out my foot and tripped her as she ran past. She landed right on her blade, dead. I froze. This is why I don't like people. Zombies are mindless. Humans are cunning.

I gave her

Chapter 4 by Carlos del Castillo



one bullet, one shot, three zombies

... a look over as I knew I had a few minutes before she reanimated as a senseless brain eating zombie.

I flipped her over, the blade had dug in right between the second and third ribs ripping open her aorta and pulmonary arteries. Blood painted her shirt and the pavement in a large crimson blotch.

The shuffling noises behind me woke me up from the trance I was in as I watched her beautiful face become more and more ashen. I quickly turned around and saw the zombies that were quickly making their way over to where we were.

I did a quick once over to see if there was anything of value on her and began to run as fast as my legs could carry me.

I made it to the top of a three story building and looked back down the street where the girl had fallen. There were about a dozen or so zombies on that spot, they looked like snakes rolling together as they consumed all they could of the girl. I always wondered why they didn't eat each other in the confusion (although not enough to stick around and see if they actually did or didn't).

As I surveyed the rest of the landscape, I noticed a building about four or five miles out that had what appeared to be smoke coming from the roof. I ducked behind the roof ledge and took out my binoculars from my pack.

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For tonight, I will hunker down here on this roof and keep an eye on those folks to see what I can learn before I make my way to their location and steal what I can, hopefully without them knowing.

Chapter 5 by Carlos del Castillo



Shit. Shit. SHIT! Wake up and all my stuff is gone. I can see in the dew the footsteps that are left all around me from whoever came in this morning and stole all my stuff.

Funny thing is they left the binos and my empty pack with a knife inside (not mine by the way). It had to be the folks that I saw last night.

It's like they are leaving me a calling card asking me to come to them. Well I don't have any other option because without the rest of my stuff my chances of survival out here on my own are slim to none.

I get my things and head out. As I open the door to the stairs, I find a opened can of Chef Boyardee with a spoon.

No question, they want me to come over and are making sure I know they know I am here.

Chapter 6 by Carlos del Castillo



Getting close to those people without them knowing and while they know I am out here and probably on my way will be extremely difficult.

I made my way over to their building slowly and deliberately. As I got closer, I heard a constant swishing noise. It wasn't coming from the building but it was nearby.

I decided to investigate the noise first cause it might help me understand these people.

I went around a corner and found a elementary school whose fence surrounded yard was being used as a zombie pen. There appeared to be thousands of zombies just waddling back and forth within the yard.

Now the police barricades and the bike racks started to make sense. They built a maze to corral all the zombies that were coming their way. I was going to have to wait until it was dark to get into the yard or I will upset all the zombies.

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I decided to backtrack and work towards the building another way. I began to backtrack and felt a sharp sting on the back of my neck.

I turned around and looked up and everything went dark.

Chapter 7 by Carlos del Castillo



I am startled from a deep sleep where I was dreaming that I was skiing down a ski resort mountain. I felt the cold air blowing on my face as I went down hill. Then I remembered where I was before and realized I was dreaming.

I opened my eyes and found myself in pitch darkness and extremely cold. The dream started to make sense as I felt a cold breeze blowing on my face.

I try to move but find that I can't. I have woken up like this before, startled from a dream and am unable to move. It is called sleep paralysis. It is a terrifying feeling because one is trying to move and can't.

I realized that I am not experiencing sleep paralysis because, I was able to shake my body but something is holding me down.

As I prepare to start screaming the lights in the space come on. Immediately I wished that those lights could go back to being off. My eyes are assaulted by the contents of the room. I realized that I am in a freezer and all around me are corpses in varying levels of butcher preparedness. My worst nightmare has come true. I have been captured by cannibals and am wrapped in cellophane to a table in the middle of a freezer.

The door starts to rattle as someone is attempting to open it from the outside.

Chapter 8 by Carlos del Castillo



This fucking sucks!

I survive the original outbreak, survive losing my entire family, make it out of my zombie infested hometown and still end up in a shitty shackles, but I am bare ass naked and there is nothing near me.

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The door finally gives out and in comes what can only be the butcher. Complete with Texas Chainsaw Massacre Halloween mask, an impressive meat cleaver, and a cute long blond ponytail.

She looks at me and starts to come in my direction.

"Is there any way that cutting me up is an option we don't exercise today?" I ask.

The butcher stops and spreads her arms out wide in a look around you gesture.

"Didn't think so" I respond.

The butcher comes slowly next to the table I am laying on. She strokes my hair and puts her hand on my thigh. I start to think that maybe I am going to see a way out of this. After all, I have been known to have my way with the ladies.

"You know I don't mind...." I start to say and the butcher puts her hand on the side of my head and forces my face towards the wall. I sense motion from behind me, I try to scream.

As I float above the table and watch in horror as this monster makes quick work of my body, all I can think about is that at least my body will not be consumed by zombies, but still... this fucking sucks!

the end

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